1. Sacraments Of Love
2. Hands Of The Hunter
3. Weapon Of Love
4. Dream Boy
5. What The Eye Sees
6. Things That I Fear
7. The Flame
8. So Lucky In Bed
9. Inside Of My Head
10. Talking To Me

Bonus Tracks

11. So Lucky In Bed (12" Version)
12. Venezuela
13. Sisters Of Mercy
14. Riders On The Storm
15. No Cure

LOVE IS THE SPARK THAT LIGHTS THE FLAME

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All tracks written by Annabel Lamb and published by Rondor Music (London) Ltd.
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14. Morrison, Manzarek, Densmore, Krieger, Doors Music Company.

Produced by Wally Brill & David Anderle

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Original Sleeve Art Direction - Michael Ross, Photography - Iain McKell, Design - Michael Ross & Simon Adamczewski, Typography - Laurence Stevens, Calligraphy - Kyoko Read, Embassy of Japan.
Repackaging by Jim @ Wolf Graphics.

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Cherry Red Records would like to thank; Annabel Lamb and Dave Dix, Andy Forsyth, Jim Phelan and Kevin Phelan, Lee Puddefoot and Alaine Wingrove @ Universal.

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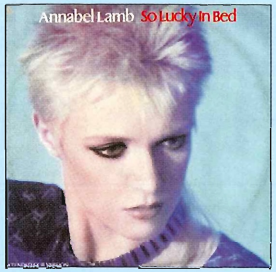
Annabel Lamb was born in Surrey in 1955. She grew up to the sounds of the day thanks to her older sisters, who were listening to The Doors, The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and her father would sing her to sleep to the strains of Hoagy Carmichael. A concert by Oscar Peterson was among the inspirations that convinced her early on that she wanted to be a performer; at the same time she was galvanised by the virtuosity of many other performers including jazz pianists like Bill Evans and Red Garland. Add to that a love of musicals and you've got what Annabel laughingly calls "a pretty weird bunch of influences".

By the time she was 15, Annabel had joined her first rock band, as singer and keyboard player. She'd already been playing and writing her own songs. At the age of 20 she was married and pursuing a career in nursing. For a while, music took a back seat to nursing and marriage, although she was able to continue playing gigs with her old band. She continued working on her songs, honing her writing skills but still keeping them essentially under wraps.

The change was to come when she recorded several demos and two 24 track masters of her own songs with producer/engineer Wally Brill, who would later go on to produce albums with Annabel. A&M Records took the plunge and signed Lamb in 1983.

Her first album was released that year, "Once Bitten" and immediately built her reputation of being her own person. Johnny Waller had this to say of the album in his review on its release;

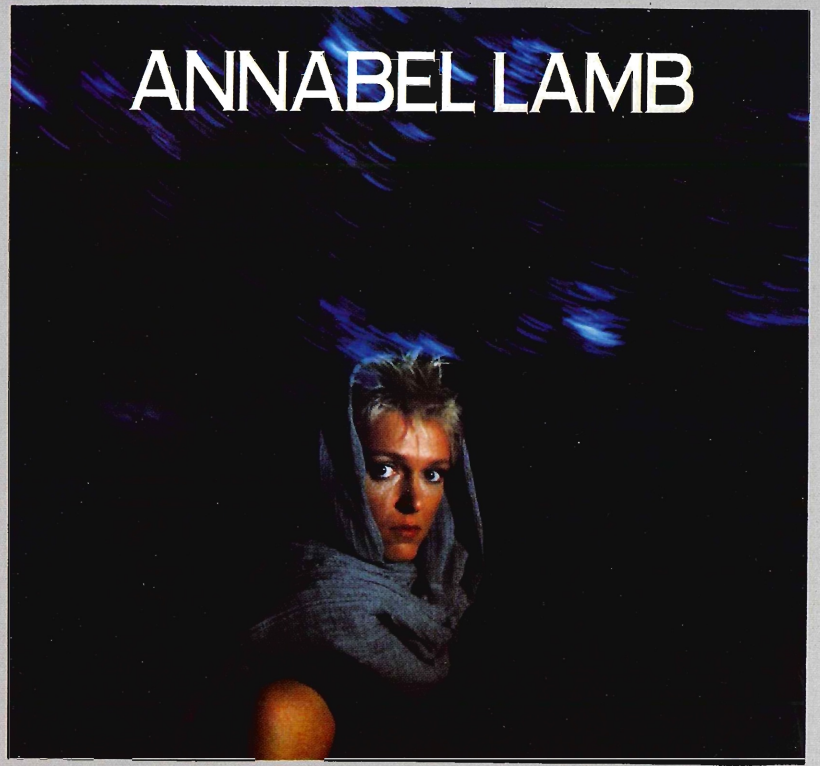
"Even amidst such reflective mournful material - and the quality of her song-writing is wonderfully strong - Annabel retains an unbowed spirit that boasts both the rough edges that make Grace Jones such an exciting interpreter of emotions and the smooth sensuality that Annie Lennox brings to the Eurythmics' glowing music. With songs like the hypnotic instrumental "Snake Pliskin" and "Backwards Through The Looking Glass", Annabel Lamb is a talent to be cherished. And loved."



The third single release from Lamb was to be her biggest chart hit. With her cover of The Doors' "Riders On The Storm", she achieved what she'd ultimately fail to fulfil and deliver a self penned hit single. It wasn't included on the original release of the album, it was only added after it had achieved its chart status.

Sandy Robertson reflects his feelings on Annabel's unique persona and the reason for her choice of a cover version through his September 1983 interview in Sounds;

"Annabel Lamb is that rarest of things in the post modernist



pop pantheon, the artist who defies glib categorisation. When even the best of 'em can be summed up as 'HM', 'hard rock', 'synthipop' or any one of the depressingly formal list of categories, Annabel escapes like a phantom. She does this not by the easy trick of being merely 'weird', either: the cover of her debut album of a few months back, 'Once Bitten', gives few clues to her style: a photograph, a name, a record inside. But what a record! Passionate yet precise, tough but touchable....

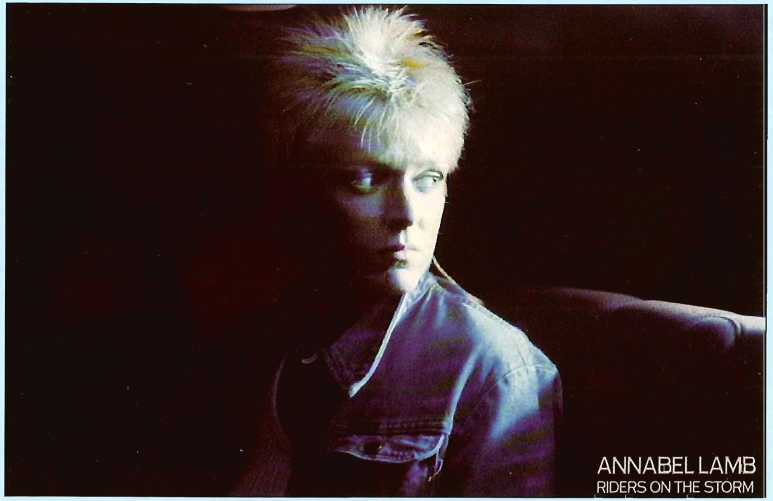
"To call her a singer/songwriter, while accurate, tends to bring on reeling visions of the worst of the early 70's; bed sitters full of dog-eared Dansette-fodder and empty baked bean cans...57 varieties of wimpery! Compare her to Neil Young, maybe, another adventurer who refused to be pinned down by genre politics. Now, not before time, Annabel Lamb has a hit single, which in fact, odd as this may seem, appears to be a bit of a thorny one for some of her staunchest followers. "Why should someone so talented have to do a cover version to get a hit?", they yelp in unison. But all is not what it looks to be....."

"What happened was, basically I'd always wanted to cover a Doors song, 'cause I've loved them since I was very small. My sisters had all these records and I was hearing them when I was like eight! Even then I loved the sound of Jim Morrison's voice, though of course I'd no idea what the lyrics were about, and didn't care. I was talking to my producer Wally Brill, and he told me that Ray Manzarek (Doors keyboarder) was A&M too. Ray had heard my album and he thought my voice would be perfect for "Riders On The Storm". He also played the piano solo on it just like the original, same sound and everything. We went to California to record it." This CD reissue includes the single, plus the b/side "No Cure".

The next album released was "The Flame" in 1984. Produced by Wally Brill and David Anderle, the album brilliantly encapsulates the style and influences of Lamb. Except for the previously mentioned bonus tracks on this reissue, also featured are tracks from the 12" versions of "So Lucky In Bed" and "The Flame" singles taken from the original album.

Six albums were to follow but arguably her finest albums were her first two for A&M Records. As one writer, Alastair Burr

observed in 2004 *"Although Annabel may be classed as a "one hit wonder" you only have to listen to the triumvirate of albums that followed Once Bitten; The Flame, When Angels Travel and Brides to know that music was always more important to the artist than the sales volume."* With hindsight you realise that the longevity of artists bears no relation to sales of their records.



Because I have never viewed being an artist and a songwriter as a 'job', it has never crossed my mind that I should retire. Not just a career, but a way of life for me since I was very young, it seems to just grow and develop and like painters and poets is a part of what defines me.

I am proud to be presenting The Flame' album again through Cherry Red and thrilled that the additional cuts include some of my personal favourites - 'No Cure', 'Sisters of Mercy' and of course 'Riders on the Storm'.

My thinking, when A&M signed me as a young artist in 1983 has not altered.

In the company of such prestigious label mates as Joan Armatrading, The Police and Joe Jackson (to name but a few), my first professional home was the perfect place to fulfil my philosophy of having a career that included longevity, a chance to develop and the ability to go on making records for many years. I was very lucky to have started out in such a nurturing environment that allowed me to progress and achieve those ambitions.

Young acts need encouragement, reassurance and above all, time. They also need other musicians, labels, managers, publishers, producers, engineers, road crew and a host of others who have faith in them and support them through the good times and the not so good. I have always been fortunate enough to work with people who, like me were in it for the long haul.

So I would like to to dedicate this re-issue of 'The Flame' to all of them.

'Flow', my first album with co-writer and producer Dave Dix is soon to be followed by the release of our second album together. For 'The Flame' and a current album to be available at the same time is very exciting. Dave and I married in 2007 and continue to make music.

Our children are also musicians. Hannah is at Liverpool University finishing her degree in Music and Henry is a singer/songwriter.

Life is good. My writing is now extending into that of an author as I attempt the discipline of finishing my first book – far more challenging than I anticipated – and although Ed Bicknell (a long-time friend who for many years managed Dire Straits) warned me many years ago that "the music business is a tough town Annabel" it has nonetheless been and continues to be an adventure, a pleasure and the only home town I know.

Thanks to Tony Barnes, Tim Madgwick and all at Cherry Red.

Annabel Lamb
August 2008

Sacraments Of Love

My people don't like the way
I've been acting lately
They say it's strange
I stay out all night
But you don't think I've changed much
Do you baby?
You love the way I taste
I love the way you fight

These are the sacraments of love
These are the sacraments of love
Unwrap, unwrap this gift
Unwrap, unwrap this gift
These are the sacraments of love.

I always love the things
You do at my place
You never bother to hang up my dress
You leave the light on just to
Stare at my face
The sheets are always torn
My life's a Holy mess.

Sometime perhaps we ought to
Go out dancing
Or do the things that
Other couples seem to do
But right now there's no time to
Go out dancing
You've got your arms around me
I've got my arms around you.

Hands Of The Hunter

There is a light in the distance
That's burning so bright
There is a light in my lover's eye
That's burning tonight
We're looking for a safe place
Or someone who will hide us
There isn't anything to fear
Except what is behind us.

There's a chill in the air
And you can feel it
There is danger in the air
If you dare to believe it
Take this blade from the hands of the hunter.

There is a woman on the radio
Who called to say
She's packing up her children's things
She's moving away
She's looking for a safe place
But I don't think she'll find one
It's not that it's a hateful world
It's clearly not a kind one.

There is a light over London
Where the faithful have flown
There is a thundering silence
In the terminal zone
We're looking for a miracle
But I don't think we'll find one
We're looking for religion
I think that's all.

Weapon Of Love

The weapon of love
Is the words that you use
To the people you love
The ones you abuse
The weapon of love
Is an invisible knife
That cuts to the heart
To the love of your life.

The weapon of love. x4

The weapon of love
Is a weapon of fate
When love's sweet desire
Starts to feed upon hatred
The weapon of love
An impoverished dream
Love's labour is lost
In a violent screaming.

To the victor goes the prize
Vacant looks from vacant eyes
We have paid for what we do
You don't love me, I don't love you
The weapon of love.

The weapon of love
It is the price of your greed
When the things that you wanted
Become the things that you need
The weapon of love
It is the price you pay
When the hurt gets too big
And the love goes away.

Dream Boy

Dream Boy
All the true stories in your head
Become her fantasies instead
Dream Boy
Your eyes were chosen from the wild
They show surprise just like a child.

She sleeps like a ship upon the sea
But every night she know you'll be
Lying awake and talking low
Calming the wind that blows.

Dream Boy
If you need comfort for your pain
Share it with her and start again
Dream Boy
If she can always find you near
There will be strength inside her fear.

You are a lion in disguise
You are a mirror for her eyes
Lying awake and talking low
Calming the wind that blows.

She is a victim of your charm
She knows that her home is in your arms
Lying awake and talking low
Calming the wind that blows.

Dream Boy
All the true stories in your head
Become her fantasies instead
Dream Boy
May you have everything you wish
May you find solace in a kiss
Dream Boy.

What The Eye Sees

With words I can tell you it's over
Or I can tell you it's just begun
With words
But I can tell you the same
Without conversation
You can see me, touch me, understand me
No need for words, no need for words
Only feelings
Five senses, five senses, only five senses,
They do all the same, convey the same
Delay the same way
But we blindly believe everything they say.

What the eyes sees
The hand knows
The heart believes that this is so
What the eye sees
The hand knows
The heart believes that this is so.

Just one look was all that it took
To make you believe in make believe
Make believe, make believe
You could have been wrong, so wrong
Place your bets, forget the rest
The only woman in the room was me
Only one message that it could be.

There's no time for messing about
And checking it out, covering ground
We've been over and over, and over and over
So many times
Trust your feelings, use your hands
Pick up the brush
Make the picture clear, make the picture clear.

Things That I Fear

Don't close the door, I can't stand it
Leave the lights on in the hallway
There's someone hiding in the wardrobe
Leave the lights on, leave them on
There's a woman sitting under the stairs
Can't you see her? see her laughing
Something's going to grab your legs
It's under your bed, it's under my bed.

The things that I fear are always with me now
The things that I fear are right here
The things that I fear they never leave me now
The things that I fear are right here.

Something's knocking at the window
One, two, three, one, two, three
Someone's waltzing in the kitchen
One, two, three, one, two, three
Something heavy's lying on me
It's pressing hard, I can't breathe
The laughing woman's in here now
Hold your breath and listen for her.

I'm yelling at you down the phone
Can't you hear me? You can't hear me
Your voice is slow and underwater
Is it you? It isn't you
Someone knows I'm here alone
They are watching, watching, always watching
Turn round and round, and round and round
Don't turn your back on anything.

The Flame

Dreams can be so real tonight
Watching you, darling, a silhouette
Your lips will cover mine and silence me
And we can be silent until we scream.

Take the cigarette from my mouth
Pull my hair to see it is real
If I should falter your legs are strong for me
And we can be strong till we have spent the strength.

Fall like a stone in the fountain
See and feel the ever-spreading rings
Love is the spark that lights the flame
Maybe this flame is all we need.

Dance like a dervish just to please me
Dance in the heat so that you glow
Then come to me and breathe your fire
We can make fire with what we know.

So Lucky In Bed

Someone told me you were crazy
Something tells me they were right
Like a werewolf with a problem
You can't be alone at night.

You go cruising in the bars for something to do
But you don't realise what it's doing to you
You go out for a drink, you meet some fella
If he takes off your shoe, you're Cinderella.

So lucky in bed
So unlucky in love
So lucky in bed
So unlucky in love.

So afraid of being lonely
Too alone to get involved
See a shrink and give confession
Have a drink and be absolved.

You wouldn't know love if it fell on you in bed
And your heart's only full for the naked and the dead
You say you've fallen in love with a superman
You've only really fallen for a bulge and a tan.

It's nobodys business what you do
And no one's gonna live your life for you
Life is but a dream, shiboom sweetheart
And no one else in paradise can take your part.

Inside Of My Head

I haven't seen him for a while
It's clear there is sadness
I guess I've missed his jealous smile
A dream that is madness
Wasting the time on his negative face
Standing too close and I feel out of place.

Inside of my head there's only you
And I'll always be waiting
Inside my head there's only you
And I'll always be waiting.

Another candle meets the breeze
But the light is still glowing
It almost brought me to my knees
I'm glad it's not showing
I should have seen it was never to be
Making mistakes is so easy for me.

I couldn't stand to see him cry
His tears are so sad now
I never look at passers-by
I don't have the know-how
Wondering how it could work out this way
It comes to me now that there's nothing to say.

Jim Rawcliffe

Talking To Me

Your rhyme, your reason go with me
And you know I can feel you
Even though you're not here
Your hands and your heart go with me
And you know I can touch you
Even though you're not here.

You're talking to me, talking to me
Talking to me, talking to me
Talking to me, talking to me...

Your eyes and your ears go with me
And you know I can see you
Even though you're not here
Your touch and your smile go with me
And you know I talk to you
Even though you're not here.

The time and the miles fade away
And you know you are right here
With me every day
Your mouth and your words go with me
And you know I can hear you
Every word that you say.